

TRADE AT THE

Star Store.

BIG BARGAIN CENTER FOR

CLOTHING

Shoes, Hats, and a Fine Line of

LADIES' DRESS GOODS

Skirts, Jackets, Silk and Woolen Waists, and Ladies' Trimmed Hats.

A Handsome Line of Ladies' Furs.

Trunks, Carpets, Mattings and Silks. A Big Line of Notions and a Good Assortment of

LADIES' AND GENTS' UNDERWEAR

The Latest Styles in Mens' Shirts. Mens' and Boys' Overcoats at Reduced Prices. An Elegant Line of Children's Cloaks, which we are almost giving away. Please come and examine our stock and prices. We have everything usually kept in a First-class Department Store. We can save you money. Goods shown with pleasure.

Highest Market Price Paid for Produce and Furs.

FIRESTEIN & EUSTER

PROPRIETORS STAR STORE,

College Avenue,
JACKSON, KY.

The Busy Man's Line

BETWEEN

Louisville, Evansville, St. Louis and Southwest

IS VIA

LOUISVILLE, HENDERSON & ST. LOUIS BY "HENDERSON ROUTE"

PULLMAN SLEEPERS FREE RECLINING CHAIR CARS

Special Round-trip Homeseekers' Rates to southwest and west first and third Tuesdays, February and March, 1906.

Special Tourist Rates to Colorado, Texas, Mexico, and New Mexico on sale daily until April 30. Limit to return May 31, 1906.

Second-class Colonist Rates to southwest. Tickets on sale first and third Tuesdays of February and March, 1906.

Second-class Colonist Rates to California, and Northwest. Tickets on sale daily February 15th to April 7th, 1906.

ASK US FOR RATES.

J. H. GALLAGHER, Traveling Passenger Agent.

J. J. IRWIN, General Passenger Agent.

W. H. Henderson,

Ayres Street, Opp. Post Office,
LEXINGTON, KY.

DEALER IN

Grain, Seeds, Feed,

Wheat, Rye, Barley, Oats and Corn
Clover, Timothy, Millet, Kentucky
Blue Grass, Orchard Grass, Hungarian
Hay, Straw & Mill Feed.

L. C. ROARK
LAWYER,
JACKSON, KENTUCKY.

Will practice in Breathitt and
Magoffin Counties.

J. WISE HAGINS
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Office over Post-Office.
JACKSON, KENTUCKY.

All business entrusted to him
will receive prompt and careful at-
tention.

KILL THE COUGH AND CURE THE LUNGS

WITH Dr. King's New Discovery

FOR CONSUMPTION, COUGHS and COLDS

Price 50c & \$1.00
Free Trial.

Best and Quickest Cure for all
THROAT and LUNG TROUBLES, or MONEY BACK.

ORINO

Laxative Fruit Syrup

Pleasant to take

The new laxative. Does not gripe or nauseate. Cures stomach and liver troubles and chronic constipation by restoring the natural action of the stomach, liver and bowels.

Refuse substitutes. Price 50c.

JACKSON DRUG CO.

FOR SALE.

One house and lot, with about two acres of ground, within one-half mile of the court house. Also, nine-twelfths interest in the John Robertson farm, which is situated about 1 1/2 miles above Jackson. Anyone wanting a bargain will do well to call on

D. G. ROBINSON,
16th Jackson, Ky.

NOTICE.

All persons owing J. M. Osborn are hereby notified to pay their accounts to the undersigned trustee without delay or further notice and all persons having claims against said J. M. Osborn are notified to present same, properly proven to J. L. McCoy, Trustee for J. M. Osborn.

The Two Vanrevels

By BOOTH TARKINGTON
Author of "The Gentleman From Indiana" and "Monsieur Beaucaire"

Copyright, 1902, by S. S. McClure Co.

In the carriage Mrs. Tanberry took Betty's hand in hers. "I'll do as you wish, child," she said, "and never speak to you or him again as long as I live except this once. I think it was best for his own sake as well as yours, but—"

"He needed a lesson," interrupted Miss Betty wearily. She had danced long and hard, and she was very tired. Mrs. Tanberry's stoic face came out irresistibly. "All the vagabonds do, princess," she cried. "And I think they are getting it."

"No, no, I don't mean that."

"We've turned their heads, my dear, between us, you and I, and we'll have to turn 'em again, or they'll break their necks looking over their shoulders at us, the owls!" She pressed the girl's hand affectionately. "But you'll let me say something just once and forgive me because we're the same foolish age, you know. It's only this: The next young man you suppose, take him off in a corner. Lead him away from the crowd where he won't have to stand and let them look at him afterward. That's all, my dear, and you mustn't mind."

"I'm not sorry," said Miss Betty hotly. "I'm not sorry!"

"No, no," said Mrs. Tanberry soothingly. "It's better this time to do just what you did. I'd have done it myself, to make quite sure he would keep away—because I like him!"

"I'm not sorry," said Miss Betty again.

"I'm not sorry," she repeated and reiterated to herself after Mrs. Tanberry had gone to bed. She had sunk into a chair in the library with a book, and "I'm not sorry," she whispered as the open unread page blurted before her. "I'm not sorry." He had needed his lesson, but she had to bear the recollection of how white his face went when he received it. Her affront had put about him a strange loneliness, the lone figure with the stiff round staring. It had made a picture from which her mind's eye had been unable to escape, danced she never so hard and late. Unconsciously Robert Vanrevel's daughter had avenged the other lonely figure which had stood in lonely humiliation before the staring eyes.

"I'm not sorry," she whispered. "I love you."

And yet it was to nothing, definite, to no man nor outline of a man, to no phantom nor dream lover, that she spoke; neither to him she had affronted nor to him who had hidden her from the stars. Nor was it to the stars themselves.

She returned slowly and thoughtfully to the house, wondering what she had meant.

CHAPTER XI.

CRAILEY came home the next day with a new poem, but no fish. He lounged up the stairs late in the afternoon humming cheerfully to himself and, dropping his rod in a corner of Tom's office, laid the poem on the desk before his partner, clinked softly and requested Mr. Vanrevel to set the rhymes to music immediately.

"Try it on your instrument," he said. "It's a simple verse about nothing but stars, and you can work it out in twenty minutes with the guitar."

"It is broken," said Tom, not looking up from his work.

"Broken? When?"

"Last night."

"Who broke it?"

"I fell from the table in my room."

"How? Easily indeed, but it?"

"I think I shall not play it soon again."

Crailey swung his long legs off the sofa and abruptly sat up. "What's this?" he asked gravely.

Tom pushed his papers away from him, rose and went to the study window that looked to the west. At the end of the long street, the sun was setting behind the roof of charred timbers on the bank of the shining river. "It seems that I played once too often," he said.

Crailey was thoroughly astonished. He went to his friend and dropped a hand lightly on his shoulder. "What made you break the guitar? Tell me."

"What makes you think I broke it?" asked his partner sharply.

"Tell me why you did it," said Crailey.

And Tom, pacing the room, told him, while Crailey stood in silence looking him eagerly in the eye whenever Tom turned his way. The listener interrupted seldom. Once it was to exclaim:



forehead and spoke aloud, while, from horizon to horizon, the night air grew thick with the whispered laughter of sleeping hobgoblins.

"And even if there had been no stairway, we could have slid down the hose line!"

He retraced his steps, a tall, gray figure moving slowly through the blue darkness, and his lips formed the heart-sick shadow of a smile when he found that he had unconsciously turned into Carrow street. Presently he came to a gap in a hedge, through which he had sometimes stolen to hear the sound of a hurdy and a girl's voice singing, but he did not enter there tonight, though he paused a moment, his head bowed on his breast.

There came a sound of voices. They seemed to be moving toward the hedge, toward the gap where he stood, one a man's, eager, quick, but very musical; the other a girl's, rich and clear like a psalm of rejoicing and like a scintilla of flame. He shivered and moved away quickly, but not before the man's voice, somewhat louder for the moment, came distinctly from the other side of the hedge.

"After all," said the voice, with a ripple of laughter—"after all, weren't you a little hard on that poor Mr. Gray?"

Tom did not understand, but he knew the voice. It was that of Crailey Gray.

He heard the same voice again that night and again stood unseen. Long after midnight he was still tramping the streets on his lonely rounds when he chanced to pass the Iron House, which hostelry bore to the uninitiated the appearance of having closed its doors upon all humankind for the night in strict compliance with the law of the city fathers, yet a slender wail of bright light might be discovered underneath the street door of the bar-room.

From within the merry retreat issued an uproar of shouting, raucous laughter and the pounding of glasses on tables, heralding all too plainly the hypocrisy of the landlord and possibly that of the city fathers also. Tom knew what company was gathered there—gamblers, truckmen, drunken farmers, men from the river steamers, and a host of others who were at the wharf, with a motley gathering of good-for-nothings of the back alleys and tipping clerks from the Main street stores. There came loud cries for a song, and in answer the voice of Crailey rose over the general din, some-what hoarse and never so musical when he sang as when he spoke, yet so touching in his dramatic tenderness that soon the noise fell away, and the roisterers sat quietly to listen. It was not the first time Ben Jonson's song had stifled a disreputable company.

"I sent thee late a rosy wreath,
Not so much honoring thee
As should becometh thee,
It might not wither here."

Perhaps just then Vanrevel would have wished to hear him sing anything in the world rather than that, for on Crailey's lips it carried too much meaning tonight, after the voice in the garden. And Tom lingered no more near the betraying silver of light beneath the door than he had by the gap in the hedge, but went steadily on his way.

Not far from the hotel he passed a small building brightly lighted and echoing with musical clamor of jubilation—the office of the Rouser Journal. The press was going, and Mr. Cummings' thin figure crossed and recrossed the windows, while his voice could be heard energetically bidding his assistants to "Look alive!" so that Tom imagined that something might have happened between the Success river and the Iron Grande, but he did not stop to ask the journalist, for he desired to behold the face of none of his friends until he had fought out some things within himself. So he strode on toward nowhere.

Days were breaking when Mr. Gray climbed the stairs to his room. There were two fights, the ascent of the first of which occupied about half an hour of Crailey's invaluable time, and the second might have taken more of it or possibly consumed the greater part of the morning had he received no assistance; but, as he refused to meditate upon the first landing, another man entered the hallway from without, ascended quickly, and Crailey became pleasantly conscious that two strong hands had lifted him to his feet and presently that he was being borne aloft upon the new owner's back. It seemed quite a journey, yet the motion was soothing, so he made no effort to open his eyes until he found himself gently deposited upon the couch in his own chamber, when he sniffed unblinking, looking up, discovered his partner standing over him.

Tom was very pale, and there were deep violet scars beneath his eyes. For once in his life he had come home later than Crailey.

"First time, you know," said Crailey, with difficulty. "You'll admit first time completely incapable? Often needed guiding hand, but never—quite—before."

"Yes," said Tom in quietude.

"That's fine," said Crailey, "I'm sure you'll be a great help to me."

round his head. "All right very soon and so on again," he muttered and lay back upon the pillow with eyes tightly closed in an intense effort to concentrate his will. When he opened them again, four or five minutes later, they had marvelously cleared and his look was self-contained and sane.

"Haven't you heard the news?" Crailey spoke much more easily now. "It came at midnight to the Journal."

"No; I've been walking in the country."

"The Mexicans crossed the Rio Grande on the 26th of last month, captured Captain Thornton and murdered Colonel Crank. That means war is certain."

"It has been certain for a long time," said Tom. "Polk has forced it from the first."

"Then it's a pity he can't be the only man to die!"

"Have they called for volunteers?" asked Tom, going toward the door.

"No, but if the news is true they will."

"Yes," said Tom, and as he reached the hallway he paused. "Can I help you to undress?"

"Certainly not!" Crailey sat up indignantly. "Can't you see that I'm perfectly sober? I've shaken it off. Don't you see?" He got upon his feet, staggered and came to the door in his turn.

"You're going to bed, aren't you?" asked Tom. "You'd much better."

"No," answered Crailey. "I'm not going to bed."

"You've been all up night, too, haven't you?" Crailey put his hand on the other's shoulder. "Were you hunting for me?"

"No; not last night."

Crailey lurched suddenly, and Tom caught him about the waist in a steady grip.

"Sweethearting, tipping, vinet, un or poker, eh, Tom?" he shouted thickly, with a wild laugh. "Ha, ha, old man, face up to my bad tricks at last! But, recovering himself immediately, he pushed the other off at arm's length and slipped himself snuggly on the brow. "Never mind; all right, all right—only a bad wave now and then. A weak will make me more a man than ever."

"You'd much better go to bed, Crailey."

"I can't. I'm going to change my clothes and so on."

"Why?"

Crailey did not answer, but at that moment the Catholic church bell, summoning the faithful to mass, pealed loudly on the morning air and the steady glance of Tom Vanrevel rested upon the red velvet boxes of the nun beside him as they went together to his birthday.

"His birthday?"

"You have an engagement?"

"This time the answer came briskly. "Yes. I promised to take Fanchon to the cemetery before breakfast, to place some flowers on the grave of the little brother who died."

It was Tom who started his eyes, not Crailey.

"Then you'll be late for your birthday?"

"I must be up by six, you know, and went downstairs to the office with flushed cheeks, a hard look, and an expression which would have led a stranger to believe that he had just been caught in a lie."

He went to the window and looked out. The only one in the room not too dusty for occupation, for here, at this hour, Tom had taken his place every morning since Elizabeth had come from the convent. The window was a cove of cawing, commanding the corner of Carrow street, the corner of the corner of Carrow street, the corner of the corner of Carrow street. Some distance west of the corner the Catholic church cast its long shadow across Main street, and in order to enter the church a person who lived upon Carrow street must pass the corner or else make a half mile detour and approach from the other direction, while the person never did. Tom had thought it out the first night that the image of Miss Betty had kept him awake, and that was the first night Miss Carrow spent in Rouse. The St. Mary's girl would be sure to go to mass every day, which was why the window ledge was dusted the next morning.

The glass doors of the little corner drug store caught the early sun of the hot May morning and became like

sure, of foot and hand, and tightly to himself. The door of the store was closed. Crailey did not look in, but presently appeared on the opposite side of the street and offered a badge to the boy who tolled at the bell.

The bell had almost ceased to ring when a lady, dressed plainly in black, but graceful and tall, came rapidly out of Carrow street, turned at the corner by the little drug store and went toward the church. The boy who tolled at the bell, for Crailey's better look on in the middle of a road.

He overtook her on the church steps, and they went in together.

That afternoon Fanchon brought Tom how beautiful her betrothed had been to her. He had brought her a great bouquet of violets and lilies of the valley and had taken her to the cemetery to place them on the grave of her baby brother, whose birthday it was. Tears came to Fanchon's eyes as she spoke of her lover's goodness and of how wonderfully he had talked as they stood beside the little grave.

"He was the only one who remembered that this was poor Jean's birthday," she said and sobbed. "He came just after breakfast and asked me to go out there with him."

THE DOG LAW.

The dog law, which has passed both branches of the Legislature and which will become a law by June, is quite comprehensive. The following are some of its provisions:

Every dog over four months old shall be taxed.

Every person who keeps or harbors a dog on his place, or allows it to be done, shall be considered the owner.

The Assessor shall note the name, kind, color, size, age and sex in the Assessor's book.

The tax on dogs shall be kept as a separate fund and to be used to pay for dogs killed by dogs.

Elaborate provisions are made for proving the loss of sheep or claims for damage shall be acted on by the Fiscal Court.

The owner of the dog shall be liable for damages done by his dog, but if the persons bitten are upon the premises of the owner at night, no damage shall be allowed.

All dogs listed for taxation shall be regarded as property and the owner may recover for all damages done to his dog.

Every person who owns and harbors a dog and fails to list it with the Assessor, shall be fined ten dollars for each dog, and if he fails to refuse to pay the tax he shall be fined twenty-five dollars for each dog.

The Sheriff and his deputies and the Constables shall kill, or cause to be killed, all dogs on which the tax is not paid, and shall be allowed fifty cents for each dog killed.

Any person who shall put out poison upon his premises or elsewhere where the same may poison any dog shall be fined from \$2 to \$25, or put in jail for six months, or both, at the discretion of the jury, and shall be liable for damages to the owner of the dog.

The tax is one dollar on each dog.

The law contains many other provisions, but these are the most prominent.

Clears the Complexion.

Orino Laxative Fruit Syrup stimulates the liver and thoroughly cleanses the system and clears the complexion of pimples and blotches. It is the best for women and children, as it is mild and pleasant, and does not gripe or sicken. Orino is much superior to pills, aperient waters and all ordinary cathartics as it does not irritate the stomach and bowels. Jackson Drug Co.

NOTICE OF SALE.

Saturday, March 24,
one o'clock, p. m., from the
main door in
VILLIE, LEE CO., KY.

The Breathitt News.

Published Every Friday.
CASH SUBSCRIPTIONS \$1 A YEAR
J. WISE HAGINS, Editor.

Local and Personal

Purity Flour at C. Hadden's.
Circuit court will begin at Beattyville next Monday.

Stop with Hart Bros., at Reed hotel when in Lexington.

Clarence Hadden has just gotten in a nice line of Fine Caudies.

O. H. Pollard left Saturday on a business trip to Catlettsburg.

J. W. Ford is building a boom at the mouth of Quicksand for ties.

Services at the Methodist church at the regular hours next Sunday.

A large number of ties were brought to market on the tide of last week.

Kenton Hagins is building a new dwelling on his farm near Stevenson.

Miss Hattie Richmond, of Ewing, Va., is visiting the family of J. B. McLin.

G. W. Fleenor and Hugh Riddell left here Tuesday to attend Hindman court.

Miss Bettie Cope, of Taulbee, has been visiting friends here during the past week.

Read the new ad of the Jackson Drug Co. They talk to you about Paints this week.

Judge S. H. Patrick has so improved as to be able to come out on the street again this week.

S. H. Stidham & Son have closed out their store on Broadway and their store-house is now for rent.

Will S. Hopper, assistant cashier of the Jackson Deposit Bank, made a business trip to Lexington last week.

A. C. Carpenter, postal clerk on the O. & K., has moved to town and has taken a residence on the Heights.

New Tomatoes, Lettuce, Onions, Radishes, Rhubarb, Asparagus and Kale Friday and Saturday at C. Hadden's.

Jonas Rowland came home Monday to visit his family. He has a job at Yerkes, Perry county, with G. G. Brown.

Miss Delpdia Back, daughter of James R. Back, has been quite sick for the past two weeks, but she is improving now.

The three-year-old child of Mr. and Mrs. Bud Martin, of Robbins, was burned to death last Monday by its clothes catching fire from a grate.

Miss Margaret Basket returned last week from the city where she had been purchasing a new spring stock of millinery for Day Bros. Company.

Solomon Shepherd, of Lambrie, who had been attending a business college at Lexington for several weeks, returned home last week.

John Blanton's child, who was hurt by a tree falling on him, an account of which appeared in our last issue, is improving and will recover.

Green Shepherd and wife returned last week from Louisville where they had been buying a stock of goods for W. R. Shepherd & Sons, of Lambrie.

Jesse C. Whitaker, of Chavies, Perry county, who has been attending the State College at Lexington for the past year, has been visiting his uncle, W. H. Whitaker, for several days.

Henry Williams of Bays, fell from his stable last Sunday evening and broke his arm just above the wrist. He came to town Monday and had Dr. Hogg to dress it. He is now getting along very well.

Joseph Lovely, of Rousseau, was here Saturday. He started with two rafts of logs on the small tide in Quicksand but could not get any further than the Roark bar, as several other rafts were stuck there.

The Board of Trustees of the town of Beattyville have awarded a contract for the building of a bridge across Crystal Creek to the Orego Bridge Company for \$7,775. Now, if Lee county will build a bridge across the Kentucky River at Beattyville, it will be a long step for Lee County's advancement.

J. D. Jones has just received a car load of furniture.

Mrs. J. S. Heat is visiting friends in Richmond this week.

George H. Patrick, of Stanton, was here this week supplying our merchants with shoes.

J. B. McLin left last Saturday for Line Fork to look after his timber interests there.

Major H. B. Wright, manager for Taylor & Crate, of Buffalo, N. Y., went to Lexington last Saturday on business.

Rev. Stephen Carpenter, who has been sick for some time, had so far recovered as to be able to come to town Wednesday.

M. Paxton Davis, acting cashier of the Jackson Deposit Bank, has moved into C. B. Thompson's house on College avenue.

The Jackson Bottling Works began work last week making pop for the warm season which they expect to come some time next summer.

Mrs. Polly Davis, of Smith Branch, was visiting her son, J. M. E. Davis, last week. She had an operation performed for a cancer on her forehead last fall. She thinks it is coming back again.

Sunday service at the Baptist church at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Rev. W. H. Setzer pastor. Morning subject, "Is It Worth While," evening subject, "The Cost of Intemperance in America."

"The Business Mens' Club have just installed a new Hagan gasoline engine at their club rooms to take the place of another engine which was too small to furnish power sufficient for the lights, etc., necessary for the building.

Beattyville has been by an act of the Legislature, declared a city of the fifth class. Jackson has been eligible for the fifth class for several years, but no one has taken the trouble to have it declared so by the proper authorities.

Anson White, who has been living in Wisconsin for the past three years, has returned to his former home in this county. He has been in bad health there and thought it better to return home, as the severe climate of the northwest did not agree with him.

Rev. W. W. Powell preached Tuesday night at Canal City to a large and appreciative audience. A petition was signed by the Presbyterians of that place asking the Presbytery of West Lexington to organize a Presbyterian church in Canal City. The Presbytery is to meet in Jackson on April 3 at the Presbyterian church.

Last Sunday at the morning service at the Presbyterian church six new members were received into the church on profession of faith. The new members were a most tender and all were urged by the pastor, Rev. W. W. Powell and were received by the membership with a most cordial welcome. There will be several others to join next Sunday. All these are the results of the second revival meeting.

Rev. M. R. Cockran, who was formerly stationed at Athol and was a worker in the Soulwinners' Society, has moved to Booneville, Ark. While at Athol he bought six Leghorn hens from M. & M. Hagins. In his letter to us he says: "The Leghorn chickens we purchased from you are dandies. They are regular egg machines. Wouldn't take \$2.00 a piece for them. Brought them along with the rest of the family."

It is claimed that if two or three flaxseed are planted in each hill of potatoes, potato bugs will not bother the vines at all. The above may or may not be true, but as the expense will not be very heavy in trying the experiment it will be worth while for potato raisers to try it next planting season, and if the flax seed does not accomplish what it is supposed to do to the bugs, they can go back to the old remedy and feed them on paris green.

Another Railroad for Jackson. Articles of incorporation for a new railroad, the Kentucky Southern, have been filed in the office of the Clerk of Kenton county at Covington, which, it is declared in the application, will be 70 miles in length and traverse the counties of Breathitt, Perry, Knott and Letcher. The terminal will be near Jackson. The incorporators are all of Cincinnati.

Prepare for Easter.

NOW IS THE GOLDEN TIME
THIS IS THE PLACE

Our equipment is complete. We want you to see our
NEW LINE OF WHITE GOODS.
SILKS, LACES AND EMBROIDERIES.
LADIES' WAISTS, EMBROIDERED WAISTS.
PATTERNS, LADIES' BELTS AND COLLARS.
Ribbons, and many other NEW GOODS just received, including a splendid stock of

Ladies', Gents' and Childrens' Shoes
for Spring.

We will try to make our store a pleasant and profitable place to trade. We feel that when you have gone through our store and learned our methods that you will join the others and become a good, loyal customer.

CRAWFORD & CO.

Witherspoon College.

BUCKHORN, PERRY CO., KY.

NORMAL COURSE. SPECIAL TERM OF SIX WEEKS

Preparatory to the County Examinations

Begins Monday, March 26.

To be conducted by Experienced and Successful Instructors. All other exercises suspended and full time given to this work.

TUITION, ONE DOLLAR PER MONTH.

Room and Board in Dormitory, One Dollar and Twenty-five Cents per week; in private families, One Dollar and Fifty Cents. Address, Rev. HARRY S. MURDOCH, Buckhorn, Ky.

Destroyed by Fire.

The residence of John Elliott Howard, who lives on Quicksand Creek, was destroyed by fire on last Sunday morning. The fire caught from the chimney about 4 o'clock in the morning and was in such a headway when discovered that the family barely had time to escape. None of the household goods were saved. Mr. Howard was one of our best citizens. This loss falls heavily on him, as he has a large family and is not in good health and had no insurance.

Rev. Preston to Return in April.

Chicago, March 19, '06.

Editor News:

Will you please tell your readers that I shall return to Jackson in time to hold services, the Lord willing, on the second Sunday in April, the same being the 8th, as follows: At the Hounshell school house on Quicksand, at 10 o'clock; at the Seymour Chapman school house at 3 o'clock. I shall have with me one, and possibly two men, who are entering the work. I shall be glad to be back among my good friends again. All are invited to come out and hear the plain truth. Sincerely,
EDWIN T. PRESTON.

THE DEATH ROLL.

Mrs. Clerinda Fugate died at the home of her son, John Fugate, near Stevenson, last Monday of old age. She was about 85 years of age.

Mrs. Emaline Hays, widow of Peter Hays, died at her home on Stray Branch last Monday morning of heart trouble. Her husband Peter Hays, had died just nine days before.

Mrs. Florence Back, wife of Alex Back, and daughter of Granville Hounshell, of Shouder Blade, died last Saturday night, of consumption. She leaves a husband and four children. Her funeral was conducted at her late residence Sunday by Rev. Lewis Hensley, after which her remains were buried in the family grave yard on the Holly Bush Fork of Shouder Blade. She was a consistent member of the Methodist church and left a testimony behind that she was going to the happy land and asked her friends to prepare to meet her on the other shore where sorrow and suffering will be felt no more.

We will sell goods for less money than any firm in town. Call and see for yourselves.
NOBLE & NOBLE.

On these cases, G. W. Fleenor, and he seems to be about as well pleased as his clients. We think this is quite a victory for Judge Fleenor, and is a continuation of his successful practice in the Court of Appeals. He has won ten successive cases in the Court of Appeals within a little over six months past. Quite an interest has been maintained by these suits on account of their involving several important legal questions of land titles in Eastern Kentucky.

NOTICE.

The partnership heretofore existing between S. H. Stidham and S. B. Stidham, under the firm name of S. H. Stidham & Son, of Jackson, Ky., has been dissolved by mutual consent. All persons owing said firm are requested to call and settle their outstanding accounts, as the business of the firm must be closed.

This March 20, 1906.
S. H. STIDHAM,
S. B. STIDHAM.

WATCHES,



CLOCKS,

SILVERWARE,
SILVER NOVELTIES,
CUT GLASS,
UMBRELLAS,
and all kinds of
FIRST CLASS JEWELRY.
S. D. FLEENOR,
JEWELER AND OPTICIAN,
JACKSON, KY.

MEN WANTED.

Seventy good timber cutters wanted at once. Apply at Le Rose, Owensley county.
K. & P. LUMBER CO.,
21-21 A. BETSCHER, Supt.

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Exact size
The No. 4
Mancillie
Pencil
Best Pen
on earth
for the money
Price \$2.50.
We also
carry best
pens in

THE BEST

Will cover not
longer and look better than
other paint made. Call
and see color cards and get
prices.

Jackson Drug Co.

Save Half Going West

You can save half the usual sleeping car fare by patronizing the Burlington's
Daily Tourist Sleeping Cars
To Wyoming, Montana and Washington leaving 9.01 p. m.
To Nebraska, Colorado, Utah and California leaving 9.01 p. m.
The saving in expense is not the only attractive feature, as these modern and comfortable cars run over scenic lines all the way.
There's a saving, too, on one-way railroad tickets every day until April 7.

W. M. SHAW, District Passenger Agent,
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